

ERIC BRIGHTYES.

BY
H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOW ERIC DREAMED A DREAM.

Now the men of Oskapur, who were gathered on the poop of the dragon, saw what had come about; they shouted aloud and made ready to slay the pair. But Eric and Skallagrim clambered to the mast and got their backs against it, and swiftly made themselves fast with ropes, so that they might not fall with the rolling of the ship. Then the people of Oskapur came on to cut them down.

But this was no easy task, for they might scarcely stand, and they could not shoot with the bow. Moreover, Eric and Skallagrim, being bound to the mast, had the use of both hands, and were minded to die hard. Therefore Oskapur's folk got but one thing by their onslaught, and that was the manacles, for three of their number fell beneath the long sweep of Whitefire, and one bowed before the axe of Skallagrim. Then they drew back and strove to throw spears at the two, but they saw wide because of the rolling of the ship. One spear struck the mast near the head of Skallagrim. He drew it out, and, waiting till the ship steadied herself in the trough of the sea, hurled it mightily at a knot of Oskapur thralls, and a man got his death from it. After that they threw no more spears.

Then once more they came on with swords and axes, but faint-heartily; and the end of it was that they lost four more men dead and wounded and fell back again.

Skallagrim mocked at them with bitter words, and one of them, made mad thereby, cast a heavy ballast-stone at him. It fell upon his shoulder and numbed him.

"Now I am unmet for fight, lord," said Skallagrim, "for my right arm is dead, and I can scarcely hold my axe." "That is ill, then," said Eric, "for we have little help, save from each other, and I, too, am well-nigh spent. Well, we have done a great deed, and now it is time to rest." "Yet is my left arm whole, lord, and I can make shift for a while with it. Cut loose the cords ere they bait us to death, and let us rush upon these dogs and fall fighting."

A good counsel, said Eric, "and a quick end; but stay a while: what plan have they now?"

Now the men of Oskapur, having little heart left in them for such work as this, had taken thought together. "We have got great manacles, and little honour," said the mate. "There are but nineteen of us left alive, and that is scarcely enough to work the ship, and it seems that we shall be fewer before Eric Brightyes and Skallagrim Lambstall lie quiet by yonder mast. They are mighty men, indeed, and it would be better, methinks, to deal with them by craft, rather than by force."

The sailors said that this was a good word, for they were weary of the sight of Whitefire as he flamed so high and the sound of the axe of Skallagrim as it crashed through helm and byrnie, and as fear crept in valour fled out.

"This is my rede, then," said the mate; "that we go to them and give them peace, and lay them in bonds, swearing that we will put them ashore when we come back to Iceland. But we have them fast, as they sleep at night, we will creep on them and hurl them into the sea, and thereafter we will say that we slew them fighting."

"An ill deed," said a man, "answered the mate. 'If we lay them not, then shall this tale be told against us throughout Iceland: that a ship's company were worsted of two men, and we may not live beneath that shame.' The man held his peace, and the mate, laying down his arms, crept forward alone, towards the mast, just as Eric and Skallagrim were about to cut themselves loose and rush on them."

What then should we do, said Eric. "Has it gone so well with you with arms that ye are minded to come up against us bearing none?"

"It has gone ill, Eric," said the mate, "for ye twain are too mighty for us. We have lost many men, and we shall lose more ere ye are laid low. Therefore we make you this offer: that you lay down your arms and suffer yourselves to be bound till such time as we touch land, where we will set you ashore and give you your arms again, and, meanwhile, we will deal with you in friendly fashion, giving you of the best we have; nor will we set on foot any suit against you for those of our number whom ye two have slain."

"Wherefore then should we be bound?" said Eric. "For this reason only: that we dare not leave you free within our ship. Now choose, and, if ye will, take peace which we swear by all the gods we will keep towards you, and, if ye will not, then we will bear you down with beams and sails and stones, and lay you."

"What then should we do," said Eric, "answered Skallagrim. 'Still, I am unfit to fight, and my strength is spent; so that it seems that we must lie low if we would rise again. They can scarcely be so base as to do murder, having handled peace to us.'"

"I am not so sure of that," said Eric; "still, starving tramps must eat of bones. Harkken thou: we take the terms, trusting to your honour; and I say this: if ye shall get shame and death if ye depart from them to harm us."

"Have no fear, lord," said the mate, "we are true men."

"That we shall look to your deeds to learn," said Eric, laying down his sword and shield.

Skallagrim did likewise, though with no good grace. Then men came with strong cords and bound them fast hand and foot, handing them fearfully as men handle a live bear in a net. Then they led them forward to the prow.

As they went Eric looked up. Yonder, twenty furlongs and more away, sailed the Gudruda.

"This is good fellowship," said Skallagrim, "thus to leave us in the rear."

"Nay," answered Eric. "They may not put out in such a sea, and doubtless they hold us dead. Nevertheless, if ever it comes about that Hall and I stand face to face again, there will be need for me to think on gentleness."

"I shall think little thereof," growled Skallagrim.

Now they were come to the prow, and there was a half deck under which they were set, out of reach of the wind and water. In the deck was a stout iron ring, and the men made them fast with ropes to it, so that they might move but little, and yet get their heads and arms behind them in such fashion that they could in no wise come at them. Then they hung cloaks about them, and brought them food and drink, of which they stood much in need, and treated them well in every way. But for all this Skallagrim trusted them no more.

"We are now hooked, lord," he said, "and they give us line. Presently they will haul in."

"Ere we are hauled in," answered Eric, "I shall need to run to greet it, and he fell to thinking of Gudruda, and of the day's deeds, till presently he dropped asleep, for he was very weary."

Now it chanced that as Eric slept he dreamed a dream so strong and strange that it seemed to live within him. He dreamed that he slept there beneath the Haven's deck, and that a woman came and whispered spells into his ears. Then he dreamed that Swanhild glided towards him, walking on the stormy seas. He saw her afar, and she came swiftly, and over the sea grew smooth before her feet, nor did the wind so much as stir her hair. Presently she stood by him in the ship, and he knew her, for he had seen her on the shoulder.

"Awake, Eric Brightyes! Awake! awake!"

It seemed to him that he awoke and said, "What tidings, Swanhild?" and that she answered:

"I'll tell you, Eric—so ill that I am come hither from Straumey to tell of them, come walking on the sea. Had Gudruda done as much, thinkst thou?"

"Gudruda is no witch," he said. "Nay, but I am a witch, and it is well for thee, Eric. Ay, I am a witch. Now do I seem to sleep at Atli's side, and lo! here I stand by thine, and I must journey back again many a league before another day be born—ay, many a league, and all for love of thee, Eric Brightyes, for not long may the spell endure. I have seen this by my magic: that these men who bound thee come even now to take thee, sleeping, and cast thee and thy thrall into the deep, there to drown."

"If it is fated it will befall," he said in his dream.

"Nay, it shall not befall. Put forth all thy might and burst thy bonds. Then fetch Whitefire; cut away the bonds of Skallagrim, and give him his axe and shield. This done, place the cords loosely about you, and wait till ye hear the murderers come. Then rise and rush on them, the two of you, and they shall meet before your midst. I have journeyed over the great deep to tell thee this, Eric. Had Gudruda done as much, thinkst thou?"

And it seemed to him that the wraith of Swanhild kissed him on the brow, signed and vanished, bearing the rest in her bosom.

Eric awoke suddenly, even as though he had never slept, and looked around. He knew by the warmth of the sun that it was far into the night, and that he had slept for many hours. They were alone beneath the deck, and far aft, beyond the mast, as the vessel rose upon the waves, for the sea was still rough, though the wind had fallen somewhat. He felt the feet of Eric Brightyes, and he felt the hands of his crew. Skallagrim moved beside him.

"Awake," he said in his ear, "awake and listen!"

He yawned and roused himself. "What now, lord?" he said.

"This," said Eric, and he told him the tale that he had dreamed. "That was a very dream," said Skallagrim. "And now we must do as the wraith bid thee."

"Easy to say, but hard to do," quoth Eric; "this is a great rope that holds us, and a strong."

"Yea, it is great and strong; still, we must burst it."

Now Eric and Skallagrim were made fast in this fashion: their hands were bound behind them, and their legs were lashed above the feet and above the knee. Moreover, a thick cord was fixed about the waist of each, and this cord was passed through the iron ring and knotted there. But it chanced that beneath the Haven's deck, the knees ran on oak beams, which held the forepart of the dragon together.

"We may try this," said Eric; "to set our feet against the beam, and strain with all our strength upon the rope; though I doubt that no two men may part it."

"That we shall know presently," said Skallagrim, gathering up his legs. Then the two feet of each were set against the beam, and he pulled till it groaned; but, though the rope gave somewhat, it would not break. They rested a while, then strained again till the sweat burst out upon them and the rope out into their flesh, but still it would not break.

"Now we have found our match," said Eric.

"That is not altogether proved yet," answered the Barcarol. "Many a shield is riven at the third stroke."

So once again they set their feet against the beam, and put forth all their strength.

"The ring bonds," gasped Eric. "Now, when the roll of the ship throws our weight to leeward, in the name of Thor pull!"

They waited, then put out their strength, and lo! though the rope broke not, the stout iron burst asunder, and they rolled upon the deck.

"Well pulled, truly," said Skallagrim, as he struggled to his knees. "I am marked about the middle with rope twists for many a day to come, that I will swear. What next, lord?"

"Whitefire," said Eric.

Now their arms were piled a fathom or more from where they sat, and right in the prow of the ship. Hither, then, they must draw upon their knees, and this was weary work, for over the ship rolled they fell, and might in no wise save themselves from hurt. Eric was bleeding at the brow, and bloody was the hooked nose of Skallagrim, before they came to where Whitefire was. At length they reached the sword, and pushed aside the breakers that were over it with their heads. The great war-blade was sheathed, and Eric must needs lie upon his chest and draw it somewhat with his teeth.

"This is an ill razor to shave with," he said, rising, for the keen blade had cut his chin.

"So some have thought, and perchance more shall think," answered Skallagrim.

Now they were come to the prow, and there was a half deck under which they were set, out of reach of the wind and water. In the deck was a stout iron ring, and the men made them fast with ropes to it, so that they might move but little, and yet get their heads and arms behind them in such fashion that they could in no wise come at them. Then they hung cloaks about them, and brought them food and drink, of which they stood much in need, and treated them well in every way. But for all this Skallagrim trusted them no more.

Skallagrim, "now set the rope on the edge and rub."

This they did, and presently the thick cord that bound them was in two. Then Eric knelt upon the deck and pressed the bonds that bound his legs upon the blade, and after him Skallagrim. They were free now, except for their hands, and it was no easy thing to cut away the bonds upon their wrists. It was done thus: Skallagrim sat upon the deck, and Eric pushed the sword between his fingers with his feet. Then the Barcarol rose, holding the sword, and Eric, turning back to him, fumbled the cords upon his wrists against the blade. Twice he cut himself, but the third time the cord parted and he was free. He stretched his arms, for they were stiff; then took Whitefire and cut away the bonds of Skallagrim.

"How goes it with that hurt of thine?" he asked.

"Better than I had thought," answered Skallagrim, "the soreness has come out with the bruise."

"That is good news," said Eric, "for methinks, unless we can take them the sense for nothing, thou wilt soon need thine arms."

"They have never failed me yet," said Skallagrim, and took his axe and shield. "What counsel now?"

"This, Skallagrim: that we lie down as we were, and put the ropes about us as though they yet were whole. Then, if we can, we shall come, we shall take them unawares as they think to take us."

So they went again to where they had been bound, and lay down upon their shields and weapons, drawing cloaks over them. Moreover, they made the rope fast to the broken ring, but in such fashion that it would not hold. Scarcely had they done this and rested a while, when they saw the mate and all the crew coming along both boards towards them. They bore no weapons in their hands.

"None too soon did Swanhild walk," said Eric, "now we shall learn their purpose. Be thou ready to leap forth when I give the word."

"Aye, lord," answered Skallagrim, as he worked his stiff arm to and fro. "In such matters none have thought me backward."

"What news, friends?" cried Eric as the men drew near.

"I'll news for thee, Brightyes," answered the mate, "and that Barcarol thurs of thine, for we must lose your hands."

"That is good news, then," said Eric, "for our limbs are numb and dead because of the nipping of the cords. Is land in sight?"

"Nay, nor will be for thee, Eric." "How now, friend? how now? Sure having handled peace to us, ye mean no harm towards two unarmed men?"

"We swore to do you no harm, nor will we, Eric; this only will we do: deliver you bound to land, and leave her to deal with you as she deems."

"Bothin you, sir," said Eric; "this is a cruel deed and most unmanly. We yielded to you in faith, will ye break your troth?"

"We have no troth," he answered; "ye are too great to let slip between our fingers. Shall it be said of us that two men overcame us all?"

"Mayhap!" murmured Skallagrim beneath his breath.

"Oh, sir, I beseech you," said Eric; "I am young, and there is a maid who waits me out in Iceland, and it is hard to die." And he made as though he wept, while Skallagrim laughed within his sleeve, for it was strange to see Eric feigning fear.

But the men mocked aloud. "This is the great man," they cried, "this is that Eric of whose deeds folk sing! Lo! he weeps like a child when he sees the water. Draw him forth and away with him into the sea!"

"Little need for that," cried Eric, and lo! the cords about him and Skallagrim burst asunder. Out they came with a roar, they came out as a she-bear from her cave, and lo! high above Brightyes' golden curls, Whitefire

shone in the pale light, and high to it shone the axe of Skallagrim. Whitefire flared aloft, then down he fell and was hidden a while in the false heart of the mate. Shone the great axe of Skallagrim and was lost in the breast of the carle who stood before him.

"Troll!" shrieked one. "Here are trolls!" and turned to fly. But again Whitefire was up and that man flew not far a pace, no more. They fled screaming, and after them came, they leaped into the sea, till none were left to fall and leap, for they had no time on board to draw their weapons, and presently Eric Brightyes and Skallagrim Lambstall stood alone upon the deck with the dead.

"Swanhild is a wise witch," gasped Eric, "and whatever ill she has done I remember this to her honour."

"Little good comes of witchcraft," answered Skallagrim, wiping his brow; "to-day it works for our hands, to-morrow it shall work against them."

"To the helm," said Eric, "the ship yaws and comes side on to the sea." Skallagrim sprang to the tiller, and put his strength on it, and that none too soon, for one big sea came aboard them and left much water in the hold.

"We owe this to thy Barcarol ways," said Eric. "Hast thou not slain the steersman we had not filled with water."

"True, lord," answered Skallagrim; "but when once my axe is aloft it seems to fly of itself, till nothing is left before it. What course now?"

"The same on which the Gudruda was laid. Perhaps, if we may endure

till we come to the Faray Isles, we shall find her in harbour there."

"There is little chance of that," said Skallagrim; "still, 'a wind is fair, and we fly fast before it.'"

Then they lashed the rudder and set to baling. They baled mightily, and it was heavy work, but they rid the ship of much water. After that they ate food, for it was now morning, and it came on to blow yet more strongly.

For three days and three nights it blew thus, and the Raven fled along before the gale. All this time, turn and turn about, Eric and Skallagrim stood at the helm and tended the sails. They had little time to rest, and no time to sleep. They were so hard pressed, and must harbour their strength so closely, that the bodies of the dead men yet cumbered the hold. Thus they grew very weary and like to fall from faintness, but still they held the Raven on her course. In the beginning of the fourth night a great sea struck the good ship so that she quivered from stem to stern.

"Methinks I hear water bubbling up," said Skallagrim in a hoarse voice. Eric climbed down into the well and lifted the bottom planks, and lo! beneath them was a leak through which the water spouted in as this stream. He stopped up the rent as best he might with garments from the dead men, and placed ballast stones upon them, then clambered on to deck again.

"Our hours are short now," he said, "the water rushes in apace."

"Well, it is time to rest," said Skallagrim, but he did not close his eyes. "What land is that?"

"That must be the Faray Isles," answered Eric, "now, if we can but keep aloft for three hours more, we may yet die ashore."

After this the wind began to fall, but still there was enough to drive the Raven on swiftly.

And over the water gained in the hold.

Now they were not far from land, far ahead of them the bleak hills towered up, shining in the faint midnight light, and between the hills was a cleft that seemed to be a fjord. Another hour passed, and they were no more than a league from the mouth of the fjord, when suddenly the wind fell, and they were in calm water under shelter of the land. They ran amidships and looked. The hold was half full of water, and in it floated the bodies of Oskapur's men.

"She has not long to live," said Skallagrim, "but we may still be saved if the boat is not too full."

Now, aft, near to the tiller, a small boat was bound on the half-deck of the Raven. They went to it and looked; it was whole, with oars lashed in it, but half full of water, which they must bale out. This they did as swiftly as they might; then they carried the little boat down from the deck, and the little boat, lifted it over the side-rail, and let her fall into the sea, and that was no great work, for the Raven had sunk deep. It fell on an even keel, and Eric let himself down the rope into her and called to Skallagrim to follow.

"Bide a while, lord," he answered, "there is that which I would bring with me, and I will not let it go."

For a while Eric waited and then called aloud, "Swift, thou fool; swift! the ship sinks!"

And as he called Skallagrim came, and his arms were full of swords and byrnie, and red rings of gold that he had found time to gather from the dead and out of the cabin.

"Throw all aside," and come," said Eric, laying on the oars, for the Raven wallowed ere she sank.

"There is yet time, lord, and the gear is good," answered Skallagrim, and one by one he threw pieces down into the boat. As the last fell the Raven sank to her bulwarks. Then Skallagrim stepped from the sinking deck into the boat, and out the cord

Eric gave way with all his strength, and, as he pulled, when he was no more than five fathoms from her, the Raven vanished with a huge swirl.

"Hold still," he said, "or we shall follow."

Bound upon the boat in the eddy, she was sucked down till the water trickled over her gunwale, and for a moment they knew not if they were lost or saved. Eric held his breath and watched, then slowly the boat lifted her nose, and they were safe from the whirlpool of the lost dragon.

"Greed is many a man's bane," said Eric, "and it was well nigh thine and mine."

"I had little heart to leave the good gear," he answered, "and thou seest, lord, it is safe and we with it."

Then they got the boat's head round slowly into the mouth of the fjord, pausing now and again to rest, for their strength was spent. For two hours they rowed down a gulf, as it were, and on either side of them were barren hills. At length the waterway opened out into a great basin, and there, on the further side of the basin, they saw green slopes running down to the water's edge, strewn with white stock-fish set to dry in the wind and sun, and above the slopes a great hall, and about it booths. Moreover, they saw a long dragon of oaks and mackintosh lying at the bottom of the stairs, where they had been thrown. The prisoner made no remark, and Mr. Plowden committed him to trial.

At the West London Police Court, a tall, thin-looking man, with a light complexion, who gave the name of George Plowden, was charged with burglariously entering the dwelling-house of General Macdonald, at 59, St. Quentin's Avenue, Notting Hill, and stealing two coats and a lady's mackintosh from the hall. He was further charged with assaulting the constable who took him into custody. The commitment was accompanied by a list of the prisoner's previous convictions. In 1878 he was convicted for a robbery with violence and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, with forty lashes from the "cat," and in 1879 to seven years' penal servitude for burglary. That evidence in the case of General Macdonald went to prove that at ten minutes past six o'clock on the morning of 15th February, P.C. 403 X saw the prisoner leave the house and gave chase. He caught the prisoner, who said he went to the house for a bit of bread. He then became violent, threw the constable down, and jumped on his chest. He also took up a stone and threatened to dash out the constable's brains. The prisoner was, however, secured, and identified by General Macdonald's servant as the man she had seen rushing out of the pantry.

General Macdonald's son found the coat and mackintosh lying at the bottom of the stairs, where they had been thrown. The prisoner made no remark, and Mr. Plowden committed him to trial.

PROPOSED NEW STREET TO THE STRAND.

At the St. Pancras Vestry meeting, the Sanitary Committee reported that they had received a letter from a committee appointed at a public meeting of Holborn ratepayers inviting the vestry's co-operation in an effort to induce the London County Council to purchase a much-needed new street from Southampton-row to the Strand. The sanitary committee recommended that a communication be addressed to the County Council, stating that, in the opinion of the vestry, "it is very necessary that better communication should be made from the north through Southampton-row to the Strand, and that it should be in the direction of Waterloo Bridge."

Mr. T. B. Westcott, in moving the adoption of the recommendation—which was carried—stated that this matter had already been before the Improvements Committee of the County Council, and that the construction of a new street was prepared, but a question of "betterment" then arose, and the subject was, consequently, shelved. He hoped, however, that it would soon be revived, and that an improvement so imperatively needed for the relief of a vast amount of vehicular traffic would be carried out as speedily as possible.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR AND HIS WHI KV.

At the meeting of the committee of the House of Commons on spirits, Mr. Malone, of Dublin, said that if the chairman were to drink patent still whisky he would feel it next morning. Sir Lyon replied that he had been drinking patent still whisky in order to test it, and he noticed no difference in the effect upon himself.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Rev. R. H. Falkner, rector of Woodham Walter, Essex, has the courage to brave the critics with a volume of poetry entitled "Fancies in Facts" (Eden Remington and Co.). We are glad to say that in this instance pluck seems likely to win.

The work is far above the average of latter-day poetry, being full of fine thoughts, finely expressed, while it cannot be said of Mr. Falkner that he is a copyist of the Poet Laureate. His muse does not aspire to ivory lofty themes, but neither does she descend into the slums. We have the writing of an accomplished gentleman who, having pondered on certain world problems, small and great, deals with them in pretty graceful verse from the standpoint of his inner consciousness. It is essentially a book to keep by one for intellectual refreshment during meditative seasons. We regret that we cannot say as much for "Timothy Twill's Secret" (Carston, Dancer, and Co.), by F. J. Crocker. This is a terribly prosy story in which the experienced novel reader will detect an abundance of old and well-worn materials recooked in anything but an artistic manner. Much more appetising fare is furnished by Messrs. Terrell and White in "Lady Delmar" (Trischler and Co.), a novel of considerable power and no slight literary merit. The joint authors are strong both in characterisation and development of plot; their method may be somewhat hackneyed, perhaps, but it sustains the reader's interest, which is the chief thing after all. It would not surprise us to see Mr. Delmar translated into French, the story would lend itself to the purpose by reason of its exciting incidents and strong situations. That great pro-consul, Lord Mayo, figures in the latest instalment of "The Rulers of India Series" (Clarendon Press, Oxford), the memoir being compiled by the competent hand of Sir W. H. Hunter. In every respect it is a satisfactory work—scholarly, discriminating, thoroughly accurate, and giving in condensed form a really instructive chapter of memorable Indian history. One of the latest biographies is "The Childhood and Youth of Dickens," by Robert Langton, F.R.H.S., published by Hutchinson and Co. A small edition of this work was published some seven years ago to subscribers only, but the additions and alterations made to it since then render it virtually a new book. Contributions to our knowledge of the lives of great men are always acceptable, and the early lives are particularly interesting in many cases. The especial feature in the present work is the manner in which it connects the life of Dickens with his books, and shows how often he refers to the scenes of his childhood. The illustrations are very interesting in this volume, and contain pictures of the places they knew intimately connected with the great author's early life. Altogether it is a very valuable work for the admirers of Dickens, who constitute a very large part of the reading public. The same publisher issue a "Handy Guide to Australasia," by George Collins Levey, a very useful book for intending emigrants as well as for those who are already colonists in the parts treated of. It gives lists of firms transacting business with Australasia, the tariffs of the various colonies, and other useful information. Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s last edition of the "National Library" is the "Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo." The "Official Year Book of the Church of England" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) contains, as usual, an immense mass of useful information in its 900 and odd pages. No clergyman should be without this invaluable work of reference, nor any layman either who desires to keep himself informed as to the ground covered by the great Protestant organisation. We fear that not much can be said for "The Grey Mare Romance," by Edwin J. Ellis, published by George Allen. It seems to be intended for children, and is eminently unsuitable. Few children would care much for the would-be humour which runs through the uninteresting story, while to adults it is almost intolerable. Nor are the pictures by the author very much better, for the horses are constrained into the most impossible and unnatural attitudes.

THE LENGTH OF A DANCER'S PETTICOAT.

Under the title of "The Art of Dancing: A Question of Dress," a paper was read by Mr. Selwyn Image before the members of the Church and Stage Guild. Mr. Image disclaimed the intention of attacking any form of dancing. Petticoat dancing might be beautiful, and yet in the absence of it, purely artistic and decorative in its character, the natural elegance of the person exhibiting it—on a par, in fact, with the natural movements of any person male, and which merely by their natural qualities irresistibly led us captive. With respect to the ballet dress, it immediately struck us as a most unbecoming and utilitarian. He had it no beauty? He averred that it had a distinctive beauty, both in itself and its effect. Drapery had other beauties besides that of form—those of texture and colour—for which we by no means looked in vain. The dress of the danseuse gave a charming effect of colour. Further, it might readily induce in us the suggestion, if not the sense, of a delicate vapour hovering around her, as if she came to us in a diaphanous and lovely cloud. A discussion followed, in which several of those present took part. Mr. Cape, of the Court Theatre, believed that art should be dancing of its spontaneity, and said that there were only two or three steps in ballet-dancing. The Rev. Stewart Headlam denied this, and, without objecting to the petticoat dance, as such, said that it was possible for her to be a mere faker—a person who, only pedantically, put on the petticoat dance, over, were shortening their petticoats now and becoming much more like the ordinary danseuse. It was therefore possible for them to show that they had been artistically trained. He did not want to set one style of dancing against another, but he did want to see that every dancer should be genuinely artistic.

CAPTURE OF A DESPERATE BURGLAR.

At the West London Police Court, a tall, thin-looking man, with a light complexion, who gave the name of George Plowden, was charged with burglariously entering the dwelling-house of General Macdonald, at 59, St. Quentin's Avenue, Notting Hill, and stealing two coats and a lady's mackintosh from the hall. He was further charged with assaulting the constable who took him into custody. The commitment was accompanied by a list of the prisoner's previous convictions. In 1878 he was convicted for a robbery with violence and sentenced to five years' penal servitude, with forty lashes from the "cat," and in 1879 to seven years' penal servitude for burglary. That evidence in the case of General Macdonald went to prove that at ten minutes past six o'clock on the morning of 15th February, P.C. 403 X saw the prisoner leave the house and gave chase. He caught the prisoner, who said he went to the house for a bit of bread. He then became violent, threw the constable down, and jumped on his chest. He also took up a stone and threatened to dash out the constable's brains. The prisoner was, however, secured, and identified by General Macdonald's servant as the man she had seen rushing out of the pantry.

General Macdonald's son found the coat and mackintosh lying at the bottom of the stairs, where they had been thrown. The prisoner made no remark, and Mr. Plowden committed him to trial.

PROPOSED NEW STREET TO THE STRAND.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

There is no need for "Cape Mounted Rifle" to apologise for taking up my time. I am glad to hear from colonial correspondents. This is a very extraordinary, and almost incredible, example of feline vitality. I say almost, for I would not care to rashly dub any anecdote of this kind as absolutely incredible, knowing as I do, how tenaciously cats manage to cling to life. A South African cat kittenned, and three out of its five offspring were condemned to death. A string was tied to the necks of the three, and a stone attached to the string. The whole concern was then lowered into a large vat of water, where it was left for a quarter of an hour. The kittens were then taken out and buried. On the next day the

On Tuesday evening the dramatic critic who went to the Vaudeville to see the new one-act play, "We Too," were sent empty away. On arriving at the theatre they were informed, with all due apology, that the piece had been "injected," somebody or other holding that he has rights in it which, if the performance had gone on, would have been infringed. The management, it appears, had only just received notice of the injunction—too late to communicate the fact to the critic whom they had invited. It happened to be a very foggy night, so the gentlemen of the press were probably not in a very good temper over the matter.

An old evil, against which I have more than once protested, crops up again this week (unless, in the interval, some change be made). For Tuesday afternoon are announced no fewer than three performances of new plays. Now, though there are newspapers which enjoin the services of two dramatic

OLD IZAAK.

As secretary of the Conn Testimonial Fund I am very pleased to announce that the following three clubs have already sent subscriptions.—Anchor and Hope (first donation) 10s. 6d.; Angler's Pride, 10s. 6d.; Peckham Brothers, 10s. I trust the secretaries of other clubs will bear in mind that March 14th is the date fixed for closing the list.

Only two members of the Bermodes Brothers weighed in on the 22nd inst., viz: G. Armstrong, 41lb., dace, from the Thames and R. Smith, perch, from the Lee—one nice fish weighing 140oz. Thirteen out of the fourteen members of the Rodney Piscatorialists who gave in their names to the secretary, Mr. E. Pyne, competed for four prizes at the Thames on Sunday with the result was—Mr. T. Line, first, 3lb. 9oz.; G. Stovold, second, 5lb. 3oz.; J. Davis, third, 4lb. 14oz.; J. Wigley, fourth, 3lb. 12oz. The following also weighed in—F. T. Lamberton, 3lb. 12oz.; H. Mitchell, 3lb. 10oz.; L. Berton, senior, 2lb. 14oz.; E. Pyne, 2lb. 10oz.; W. Naylor, 2lb., and W. Tidmarsh, 1lb. 14oz. nearly all being dace.

On Sunday the following members of the Blackfriars were successful:— Mr. Barker roach (largest weighing 1lb.); Mr. F. Barker roach; Mr. Wheelhouse, roach and dace; and Mr. Howard, roach and perch (largest roach 1lb. 3oz.). I hope my readers will not forget that on Sunday, March 1st, "Old Isaac" will read a paper on Datchet, before the members of this club. This society is well deserving of patronage. Mr. Beckett in the chair.

I have received a letter from a member of the Hearts of Oak A. S. containing a denial of my statement of last week, that this society was in the habit (according to their rules) of weighing in roach and perch of 20s. My correspondent says:—"I beg to call attention to the fact that the Hearts of Oak strictly abide by the rules and regulations of the Thames, Lea, and Association waters, and in every respect have abided by their own rules with regard to ponds and private waters."

GENERAL CHATTER.

Is the Russian influenza on the rampage again? Among our circle of friends and acquaintances there is scarcely a family but has one or more members laid up with a peculiarly distressing sort of cold which displays several symptoms of the Russian variety. Extreme and very sudden debility, the most marked feature of the new terror, which is also accompanied by intermittent attacks of fever, abnormally high temperature, and loss of appetite. The best remedy is to stimulate the action of the liver and skin at the beginning, and when that is accomplished to go in for quinine in small doses three times a day. Should this method of treatment prove ineffectual, call in a doctor at once.

"The breed of cattle in Central Asia is very miserable one, but the donkeys are large and fine." So says the interesting report of Captain Yats about the inhospitable region where Russia has established her rule. We know some other countries of which much the same might be written. Even here in England, although our breed of cattle admits of no hostile criticism, we have rather too many "big" and "fine donkeys"—of the same manner species. These creatures are getting to be a nuisance again, especially at stage doors. How would it answer to compel them to exist for a few years of military service?

Look out for *Pearson's Weekly* next week. For the matter of that, it is always worth looking out for, being as good a pennyworth as the heart of man could desire. But I more particularly direct attention to the forthcoming issue because a little bird whispers to me that it will contain an interesting memorandum of the People, from birth up to date. Our readers will be astonished to find, I predict, at the editorial blackboard, a glimpse of their favourite country. Nothing like it is on record in the history of the English press; it is as great a phenomenon as if a human being were to reach the dimensions of Goliath within ten years from birth. And this remarkable development still goes on, too, so that the paper seems to have come within measurable distance of circulating more largely and more widely than any other weekly journal in the wide world.

London would be a much pleasanter place for human residence if there were a range of high hills on the eastern side. A screen of that sort would in some measure tone down the asperities of the horrible east wind, which seems to have become much more common than in the good old times. I detest that hateful breeze wherever met with; even in the heart of Asia it generally brings forth a fever on its wings. Perhaps science will some day discover method of changing its character; that would be worth paying for handsomely.

The recurring difficulty seems to me to lie in a natchal. An average working man, with a wife and a family, can almost make sure of having at least a shilling a day to spend on his little pleasures, after making due provision for board, lodging, and clothing. The young soldier, on the contrary, rarely has half that sum in his pocket, owing to the innumerable deductions to which his pay is subjected. Clearly, therefore, the one thing needed to make the soldier's life as good as that of the civilian toiler in this respect. It would cost the nation a bigish sum, no doubt, but not nearly as much as conscription, the only other alternative.

These professional agitators who are perpetually running amuck against the railway companies, on the pretence that their profits are exorbitant, should turn their attention to such concerns as Brunner, Mond, and Co. That company has just yielded a 40 per cent dividend to its fortunate shareholders, whereas not a single line in the kingdom returns one-fourth as much. And the basis of the joke is that Mr. Brunner, the "boss" of this auriferous company, sits in Parliament mainly by virtue of the working class

have the sense of warning to give to an ally who may be thinking of migrating to the United States. If on farming thought, intent, they should go far inland in search of an opening; the older States of the Union are pretty well used up for agricultural purposes. Listen to what an official report just presented to the Albanian Legislature says on that head, with respect to inquiry in the great South of New York: "Everywhere we confront a gloomy statement that farming lands are depreciating; that sales are infrequent, and that the industry is continuously becoming less profitable. So, no matter what inducements are held out, don't be tempted to tarry in any of the maritime states, but hie away to the far

When I was lately partaking of a modest quonset at a certain hostelry a little way out of London, I saw the buxom landlady give florin to a cadaverous looking gentleman in shabby black attire, who accepted it with effusive thanks. As soon as he was gone the same hostess mentioned that he was collecting on behalf of the great charity in which she was so interested. I drew her out a little when a customer informed her that the cadaverous one also earns money as a temperance spouter, and that when thus engaged he is wont to ornament his discourse with the scurrilous abuse of publicans. He will not get any more florins at that rate, I imagine.

MADAME.

I must tell you of a novelty in trimming have lately seen carried out, very effective, on a plain tailor-made costume, forming part of the trousseau for a forthcoming bride. The gown was of tan coloured chock tweed, with innumerable lines of yellow, brown, red and blue, in a small pattern running through it. Of course, it was built, as all tailor-made gowns are, with the inevitable plain skirt. And a tight-fitting jacket bodice with open fronts; the sleeves, long and narrow at the wrists, were well raised at the shoulders. The bodice was made with a double-breasted vest of tan coloured smooth faced cloth, buttoning up to the throat, and finished at the neck with a plain collar. The trimming, however, was the feature. In place of the conventional hem with rows of machine stitching, round the bottom of the skirt was a thick roll of piping quite two inches and a half in circumference made of tan coloured smooth cloth, like the vest, padded with cotton wool; it formed a raised thick roll. The bodice was similarly finished, the roll of piping being carried round the open front of the bodice, and also round the sleeves. This trimming may be made in velvet on coloured woollen materials, and gives a stylish finish to a plain costume.

A few words about vests or waistcoats to be worn with the open fronted bodice, as this style has caught on wonderfully, and is a welcome boon to the home dressmaker. It allows of useful variations, and, as you know, it is much easier to turn out a well made stylish looking bodice, semi tight-fitting with open fronts and a vest of some other fabric, than it is to make one of the same material fitting quite tight to the figure.

While we are on this subject I must give you a further hint. These fashionable vests or waistcoats ought always to be made separately from the bodice, so that with the same woollen skirt and jacket of some neutral tint that will harmonise with almost any thing, you can assume at will, for the morning, say a tight-fitting velvet or corduroy waistcoat, and in the afternoon a full loose vest of soft silk, which you can replace in the evening for dinner toilette by one of a delicate shade of autumn veiling muslin or chiffon.

The introduction of coloured beads, in imitation of jewels, into trimmings of all kind is quite a craze just now. The more glitter and sparkle the better, as far as fashion is concerned. What a striking addition to an afternoon costume is one of those fashionable jewelled girdles, but what a price you have to pay for them! It takes at least £10, and will cost you very little beyond the exercising of your taste and patience. A plain black silk girdle is not expensive; get one, and with glass beads, which can be obtained cheaply of every size and shape and colour, decorate according to your fancy; the tassels at the ends look well with strings of small beads of the colours used on the girdle, imitating the stones. You can also make it through the holes of the cord of your silk or woollen braid with good effect, and very easy and fascinating work it is.

By the way, the latest fad in this direction is to have the three seams at the back of gloves for evening wear studded with beads to imitate jewels; red silk gloves are to be decorated with rubies, pale yellow with amber, white with cut crystal, pale blue with turquoise, and so on to suit whatever dress worn.

Grey is one of the leading colours of the season. I was charmed by a lovely costume worn by a pretty young actress at a small wedding last week. The dress was of French cashmere, made very simply, with a perfectly plain skirt. The tight-fitting, long, basque, outdoor jacket, was trimmed with grey fur, and carried a matching collar. A small bonnet of grey velvet had a band of jet round the brim, and was ornamented with bunches of small creamy narcissus. Narrow strings of grey velvet were loosely tied in front. The fair wearer carried a large posy of sweet-scented narcissus, tied with long loops of grey satin ribbon.

But I must give you another development of the jewelled trimming I saw the same day. It was a dark ruby-coloured cloth. The bodice slightly full on the shoulders, was gathered into a waistband, below which the square table fell over the hips and was trimmed with a narrow passementerie consisting with large, oblong, flat, ruby-coloured beads; the sleeves, high at the shoulders and tight at the wrists, were thickly studded over with the same flat beads. The skirt had three deep tucks headed with the passementerie and beads. Round the neck was a band trimmed in the same way, giving a dog-collar effect. The tout ensemble was admirable.

MR. WHEELER.

The fates have been cruel to me. Just when I was pleasantly dreaming of working back into good riding condition, influenza of pronounced type swooped down upon me and I had to abandon the saddle for a time. There are some, no doubt, who would have continued pegging away, but I consider discretion the better part of valour in these cases. The physical exhaustion consequent upon influenza is quite sufficient in itself without adding thereto the inseparable from riding of the irritation of the throat. In some instances in these reckless young fellows have incurred serious illnesses through knocking off at the first appearance of the enemy.

Some repairs do stick it on unmerciful when a well-to-do customer falls into their hands. A friend of mine lately sent tri-cycle to a repairing shop at North Kensington, merely to have a broken saddle bolt replaced, and to substitute Southland cranks which he supplied, for those on the machine. It was kept for nearly a week, and he had to pay £6. 6d. for a job which any competent workman would have done in a few hours. He will not patronise that shop again I fancy.

That excellent paper, *Cycling*, made an amusing slip last week in a memoir of the redoubtable T. A. Edge. After dwelling upon his splendid second to Holbein in the twenty-four hours' road race, his 100 mile safety second, and his 100 tricycle record, it stated that all of these brilliant feats were accomplished "on the Ivel safety." What is the tricycle ride? It is an admirable machine, no doubt, but I have yet to learn that it can be converted from a two-wheeler to a three-wheeler at will.

A correspondent invites me to map out a nice easy route, with reasonably level gradients, along the South Coast of Plymouth. It cannot be done, my dear sir, nature sets her face against easy cycling west of Southampton. In many places the hills are too stiff to be ridden, while even under the best circumstances the going requires a considerable expenditure of muscular power. I would not advise a one who is not prepared for real hard work to court the neighbourhood of the briny wharves on tour.

Some of the latest cycloms are needlessly powerful; they make a row which even the quietest horse might resent. It must be hard, too, on pedestrians endowed with musical ears to hear the excruciating sounds emitted by these instruments of torture. And a short sharp "squawk" always suffices to attract attention; the great thing is to deliver it earlier and earlier at the proper moment. Sometimes this charming rumormonger, for instance, when I lately rounded up a lady and her two little girls as they were walking in the very middle of the road. They rushed, halter skelter, to the side, and as I passed one of the engaging damselfs shouted: "You seem to have got the stomach-achemister!" At which charming bedingings the mother laughed heartily.

The effect of a liberal dose of paraffin freeing cycling mechanism from accumulated dirt is something marvellous. Out it comes every bit of it, as soon as the machine is a-going, the cleansing being quite as complete as if the mechanism had been taken to pieces. Paraffin also serves well enough as a lubricant for short distances, but lasts longer and more effective if combined with oil. Paraffin itself, it is too volatile for endurance.

Young hands, when equipping themselves for the road, should be most particular seeing that not a single scrap of linen enters into the cycling clothes. A flannel shirt loses half its virtue if the coat above contains cotton especially in the waist band. Tailors have, too, an objectionable habit in introducing flannel into the collar of a

will be liable to respiratory throat. Linings are required at all, while all the police. Those who ride in light arrays should beware of supplying themselves on the cheap. I am credibly informed that many jerseys are largely composed of very fine San Francisco cotton. If you feel chilly on going to ride after a hot and fatiguing ride, pull off the sheets and lie between the blankets; this will stimulate skin action at once if the chills has not penetrated too deep.

I am asked to state what I consider a reasonable rate of expenditure per diem for a foreign tourist who smokes and consumes stimulants. It can be done quite comfortably for 6s. 6d. a day, especially where there are two or more in company. To go farther you get from London, the smaller outlay, except on the Buckingham road, where the tariff is, as a rule, exceptionally moderate. I always make a point of having a real substantial breakfast before starting; and I always allow for a good pot of tea and a substantial evening meal. Bread, cheese, and butter make a sustaining midday meal, while I have found a cold meat supper much more conducive to refreshing sleep than an elaborate dinner.

A noteworthy letter appeared in last week's Field from a retired cavalry officer, bearing witness to benefits the writer has derived from cycling. Being in want of exercise on occasion, owing to his horses having been left at home, he hired a tri-cycle, on which he rode off from twenty to forty miles a day. "I feel so extraordinarily well from this," he writes, "that I have bought a safety bicycle. In two months I was 11lb. lighter. Six rounds the waist, my liver was in perfect order, and, in fact, I was what is understood as in condition. I am now fitter than ever, hunt, and my nerve better too, as well as being nearly a stone less weight." All these other equally laudatory remarks, it is noted, were made by a man of 50 years of age, between 40 and 50 years old, have been made since I was 8 years old, served over twenty years in the cavalry, but have never been able to find any exercise to equal cycling for getting your weight down.

A FEMALE BURGLAR.

A curious case of burglary by a woman came before the courts at Boston (Mass.) where a young, well-dressed woman named Mrs. Frank Colley, of that city, carrying away diamonds and jewelry to a value of \$1,200. It appears that about midnight Mrs. Colley was awakened by some one at her bedside. She awoke and found a woman sitting on the edge of her bed. The thief whistled strongly of chloroform. She attempted to scream, but the woman dropped the handkerchief and placed her hand over Mrs. Colley's mouth, and then holding a revolver to her head, threatened to blow out her brains if she made any noise. The thief thought for a moment to be quiet while the woman, revolver in hand, opened the wardrobe and took out her jewelry case, afterwards escaping. Mrs. Colley gave an alarm, but the thief was not arrested until some days afterwards. The handkerchief, which was soaked with chloroform, was found concealed in the stocking of a prisoner, who is now under restraint.

**THE ALLEGED MURDER AT
LAMPION.**

At the Brentford Police Court on Tuesday, Alfred James Bartlett, a wholesale draper of Lampton, Hounslow, was charged on a man and having wilfully murdered his daughter, Rosina, aged 5 months, by strangling her. The prisoner was represented by Mr. C. Robinson.—Dr. Reid deposed that from his post mortem he found very little evidence of asphyxiation, but a trace of suffocation, so though some undigested milk risen from the stomach into the trachea. Death was due to suffocation in his opinion. There were there were no marks caused by a trace.—The prisoner was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

SINGULAR WILL SUIT.
In the Probate Division on Thursday.

Justice June had before him the case of *Y. Taylor*. It had reference to testamentary dispositions of the late Mr. C. Taylor, iron and steel merchant, formerly of Sheffield, who died on the 13th of October last possessed of about £10,000. The plaintiff was the brother of the deceased, and the defendant the widow. The suit was brought on the ground that the testator had made a will, and that the court was to decide whether or not the will was valid. The judge simply said to the jury: "The deceased had revoked the will of 1882 before coming to an agreement as to the distribution of the property. The plaintiff was the surviving executor of his brother. Upon the death of the deceased search was made for will, and first of all one dated in 1873 was found, by which the whole of his property was left to his wife for life so long as she remained his widow, and the remainder to his children. Upon a further search being made, a will was found, which revoked the first will, and left the residue of the property to the executor to pay the income half the property to the wife for life, and remainder to the children, and the other half the children absolutely on their coming of age or on their marriage. When the will of 1873 was found it was discovered that the signatures were torn off and the envelope which contained the document bore in the testator's own handwriting, "Annulled, see former will." The question raised was whether it was an absolute revocation or whether it was a revocation of the dependent upon reviving the will of 1882. The former view it was stated that the parties had agreed to take the terms of the 1873 will. His lordship found against the will of 1882, consequently the will would be an intestate."

ALLEGED CHILD MURDER.
At Marlborough Police Court on Thurs.

Mary Rowland, 35, a wet nurse, was charged with suspicion with causing the death of a female child, Florence Mary Rowland, eight months, on or about the 12th February, 1911. Mrs. C. G. Wood, wife of a solicitor, residing at 10, Grosvenor, Grosvenor, St. James's, South Hampton, was the principal witness in her service as wet nurse for the past two months. She had noticed a closeness in the nursery for some time, but took no note of it. On Wednesday, while the accused was out that afternoon, she observed the nursery to seem in a way disarrayed, the case. She did not know why she did it, but looked under the bed and there saw a snuggly. It was unlocked, and on opening it she saw the body of a child. She at once sent a relative, a medical man, and the borough surgeon, to deal with the corpse, and called the coroner's officer.—Dr. Milson said the child had been dead about ten days.—P.C. Barbin, arrested the woman said she admitted the child was hers, and said she gave it to her because she was a wet nurse. The woman was too frightened to take it to a doctor.—The accused was remanded.

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THE THEATRES.

AVENUE.

The English version of Mozart's comic opera, "Le Nozze di Figaro," was produced on Thursday last at the Avenue Theatre, the performance being carried on by pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, under the able direction of Mr. Bancroft, to whom—and to the stage management of Mr. Benjamini—the signal success of "The Mock Doctor" on this occasion was, to a great extent, due. Scenarios, the woodcutters, who, in spite of himself, is compelled to assume the character of a doctor, was cleverly impersonated by Mr. Tausig, who not only acted but sang well. The wife, Martine, was well represented by Miss V. Robinson, and the comical doctor between the pair was cleverly sung. Mr. Tausig sang the "bottle" song, "Soft and low thy voice is, my darling," capably, and gave valuable aid in the concerted music, although he began to show signs of fatigue towards the end of the last act. The two lovers, Lucinda (Miss Cheron) and Leander (Mr. C. Edwards) were well represented, and their duet in Act III, "Speechless still," was one of the chief successes of the performance. Lucinda's nurse, Jacqueline, was impersonated piquantly by Miss Hannan Jones, who not only acted with spontaneous humour, but sang so charmingly that she rapidly became a general favourite. Mr. B. Mayne (Géronte) acted intelligently the part of the gouty old father of Lucinda, and sang creditably his share of the concerted music. His elocution stands in need of improvement. The two men servants were fairly well represented by Messrs. Fletcher (Léon) and Mr. E. Delart (Valère). Mr. C. L. Walker (Hellebore) and Mr. C. Lewis (M. Robert) filled minor parts satisfactorily. The most gratifying feature in this performance was from a musician's point of view—the excellent execution of orchestral and choral music. Only seven professional artists were engaged in the orchestra of sixty performers, and sixteen young ladies were included in the string band. The orchestra was the most gratifying feature in the performance; the purity of intonation, attention to all marks of expression, and refinement of style being astonishing, considering the youthfulness of the performers. The choral music, also, was well executed, and the performance was in all respects creditable to the Royal Academy of Music.

THE OUTLYING THEATRES.

With the exception of the Britannia and Surrey, the outlying theatres have fairly started with the comic seasons. At the Britannia, Mrs. Lane's pantomime, "The Spider and the Fly," continues to prosper, and will no doubt run for some two or three weeks yet.—At the Elephant and Castle on Monday last, Mr. D'Estes started his regular season with the production of "The New Lamps for Old." This is the first time a comedy has been played at this theatre, and the reception accorded to this laughable piece was very encouraging to those concerned in its representation, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. F. Lacey (Honeydew), S. H. S. Austin (Cottle-thwaite), J. Hannan (Bustard), and A. Welch (Felix). Misses Ida Hazeldene (Elvira), J. Herbert (Octavia), and E. Fielding (Waitress). The three scenes in which this comedy is presented were charmingly put upon the stage, and the audience, although not up to the average number on account of the dense fog which prevailed, fully appreciated the diverting situations which the various characters are frequently placed. With a little less fog the attendance should be large here during the ensuing six nights. Mr. H. Dundas's company from the Pavilion being engaged to produce "Jack in the Box."—At the Standard on Monday last Mr. J. H. Clyde made his appearance in England after some twenty-three years' absence in Australia, as Tom Robinson in the late Charles Reade's curious yet interesting drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend." Mr. Melville's stage is of a kind that readily adapts itself to elaborate scenic displays such as are frequently required for this drama. In the previous production of "The Private Secretary," Mr. Melville introduced one or two novel effects, notably in the farmyard scene, where live ducks were seen disporting in a pond of water, whilst other four-footed animals associated with agricultural districts were represented in their every-day habits. This, however, has not been made a feature of the present production. Mr. Melville probably believes in a change, and has this time made the ravine scene picturesque by the introduction of real water effects to more fully realise the beauty of a natural waterfall. As a whole, the mounting fully maintains the reputation of this house for stage pictures. On his first appearance as the ubiquitous Tom Robinson, Mr. Clyde met with a very flattering reception, and throughout the piece presented a very fair portrait of the somewhat dubious hero. He received good support in the prison scene from Miss E. Hutton. As the unfortunate George Fielding, Mr. W. Clayton acted in his regular rôle with Susan, Miss Althea, a painstaking actress, and good support was also rendered by Messrs. Braxwell (Crawley), S. Compton (Chaplain), J. Brooks (Levy), W. S. Parkes (Governor), E. Montefiore (Meadows), W. P. Dempsey (Jacky), H. Burton, and others.—The Marybone will be closed next week for redecoration, previous to the opening of the new season by Mr. Henry Gascoigne, with "The Silver Falls," on Saturday, March 7th.—Mr. Clarence Holt and company will appear next week at the Stratford Theatre in "New Babylon."—"The Shadows of Life" is the piece underlined for treatment at Sadler's Wells during the ensuing week. The following is an opportunity of witnessing the amusing comedy, "The Private Secretary," at the Grand next week.

ROYAL STANDARD.

Despite the heavy fog prevailing during the early part of the past week, the attendance at Mr. Richard Wake's charmingly situated resort suffered very little decline. This is not to be wondered at, for the presence of the electric light does away with whatever disadvantage may accrue from the presence of fog in the auditorium. It is impossible for music hall habitués to do otherwise than appreciate the excellent series of entertainments forthcoming here, so far as to admire the complete and complete with which the entertainment has been approached by a well-rendered selection of airs from Gounod's "Faust," a task of which the members of the orchestra have admirably acquitted themselves under Mr. H. Cornish's leadership. A prominent place in the programme is apart for Messrs. B. How, W. Glenney, and Miss Julia Summer. These capable actors and actresses have plenty of material in which to employ their abilities in a most interesting and homely sketch, entitled "A Sister's Honour." The scene representing the toll-gate around which the plot is unravelled is a charming picture of a village during the progress of a storm, and adds considerably to the pleasure of the capital little drama it so pleasantly illustrates. Among the more widely known entertainers whose contributions are to be enjoyed here will be found the ever-welcome Mr. James Brown, whose comedy gifts never fail to render his songs appropriate and Lieutenant Frank Travis, whose

funny folks, gathered round a table, indulge in some very lively antics by which to draw attention to the remarkable ventriloquial powers possessed by their chief, Miss Ada Webb performs many graceful satirical acts in the crystal ball act. T. E. Dunville recites some of his adventures in a lively ditty, "Lively on, lively on!" Mr. George Fairburn faithfully mimics his brother artists, both as regards action and voice; and the entertainment is still further enriched by contributions of various descriptions from Mr. Tom Fancourt, Bella and Bijou, Miss Daisy de Roy, the Four Flashes, Professor Burko, the Eclipse Trio, and others. There is no chairman at this hall, a more modern device being utilised for informing the spectators of the individuality of the occupants of the stage; and Mr. George Chapman, the assistant manager, is always at hand to see that no "waits" occur.

M. Sardon having revised his play, "Thérèse," and toned down the more vehement tirades against Robespierre and other Red Republicans of the First Revolution, the veto of the Government has been withdrawn, with the result that the piece will shortly be seen again at the Theatre Français. Dougherty, who so long persecuted Miss Mary Anderson before her marriage with his amative attentions, and on his relegation to a lunatic asylum murdered a physician, has been tried, proved sane and guilty, and condemned for his crime to death.—Mr. Beerbohm Tree made an excellent president of the dinner in aid of the Dramatic and Musical Benevolent Fund on Monday, at which the donations realised £250, the highest figure yet reached at any of these annual festivals. Mr. Grundy, in speaking to the toast of the drama, indulged after his wont, in personalities addressed to Mr. H. A. Jones, who was present, in deprecation of his opinions lately given in a lecture upon "Playmaking." The successful dramatic artist, by a brilliant attack, declined to follow suit in the bad taste exhibited by the no less popular adaptor.—Mr. Sylvanus Dauncey, nee Jones, a brother of the play writer, and the private secretary of Mr. Tree, has written a one-act play, entitled "Charity's Clock," which is shortly to be produced in London.—An Independent Theatre, which, in imitation of the Paris Theatre Libre, the enterprising Mr. Green and his coterie of fellow-playwrights are starting in London, will commence operations at the Royal with a translation of Ibsen's "Ghosts," to be followed by original dramas by Messrs. George Moore, Cecil Raleigh, W. Wilde, &c., with translations from Bjørnstjerne Strindberg, Tolstoy, Banville, Gounod, &c., a formidable list, at any rate, numerically considered.—"We Two," the new curtain raiser advertised for production on Tuesday, at the Vaudeville, in which Mr. Conway was to have made his re-appearance, was not acted, consequent upon an injunction having been served upon a question of copyright. "Diamond Den" is in daily rehearsal to follow, whenever necessary, "Woodbarrow Farm."—Mr. Watkin, late of the Avenue, is likely to re-open the Shaftesbury with comic opera.—Two leading London managers, Mr. Irving and Mr. Hare, have addressed letters to the press, justly protesting against the action of the London County Council in putting theatres and music halls upon the same footing in their new bill before Parliament. Both managers keenly demonstrate the broad difference, as tested by an artistic and intellectual standard, between the two forms of entertainment.—To give Mrs. Bernard Beere, still suffering from the debility caused by her trying to play a leading rôle, Mr. Wyndham has considerably deferred the revival of "The School for Scandal" for three weeks, for which interval he has produced the two lighter pieces, seen last summer at the Criterion, "Sowing and Reaping" and "Trying it On." In the former piece Mr. Wyndham again presents a comedy, which, in its treatment of the subject of a married man, who in his gay bachelor days had treated his friends' wives as fair game. An adaptation of this piece—both versions owning a French source—furnished Charles Mathews with a favourite character, the counterpart of that now played by his best successor as a comedian, Mr. Wyndham, Ibsen's "The Master Builder" was introduced to London players at a Vaudeville matinee on Tuesday. The solemn negation of whatever has hitherto been universally regarded as true and beautiful in human nature which constitutes the gospel of the Norwegian dramatist finds full utterance in this regular drama, which actually justifies murder by exonerating the murderer on the score that she is rightly acting in accordance with her "individuality," which ultimately leads her, with the husband of the wife she has driven to suicide, to deliberately adopt the same course, not as a self-inflicted punishment, but to prove the elevation of their natures and their mutual confidence and belief in each other. In face of such a topsy-turvy exposition of human duties and openly avowed atheistical convictions it was no wonder that, despite the constant hissings of the angry section of Ibsenites present, the majority of the audience laughed the little laugh of scorn at the greatest crime of the theatre, and greeted with the silence of contempt when the curtain finally fell.—A special entertainment will be given at Deacon's Music Hall on Saturday next, the last occasion on which the hall will be opened.—Mr. A. Melville has taken "Sanger's Amphitheatre, Westminster, with a view to producing a dramatic opera, and there will be a musical performance, brother of the courteous manager of the London Pavilion, has been appointed to act in a similar capacity at the Royal, Holborn.—Mr. Charles Morton, the doyen of music hall managers, will sever his connection with the Alhambra on March 21st next. On the 19th inst. he will be honoured with a complimentary matinee at which a great number of theatrical and music hall celebrities have promised to assist. The grand hall, "The Sleeping Beauty," will also be played on this occasion.—On and after Monday next Londoners will have an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the Colibri Midgley at the Empire Theatre, where a number of musical pieces in number, are said to have created quite a sensation in Paris, where they have lately been exhibited.

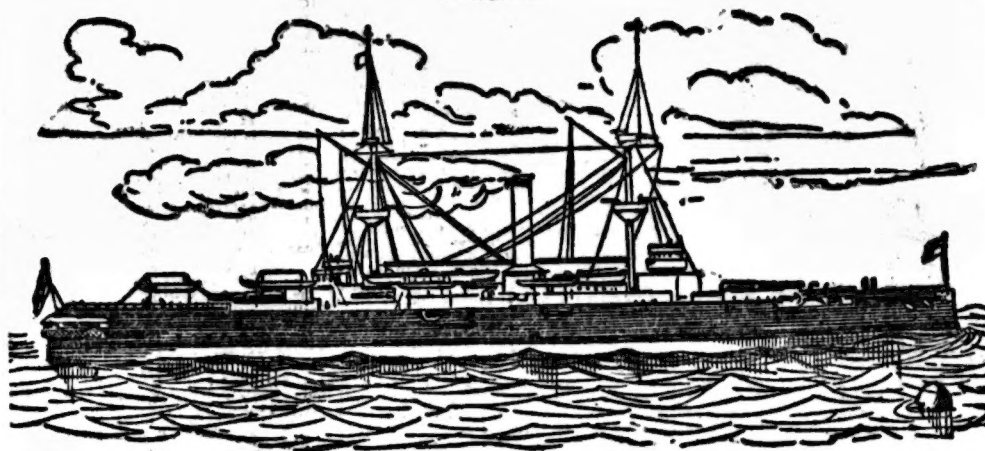
DARING ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY FROM THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

A man of gentlemanly appearance entered the Hotel Metropole the other afternoon, and asked to see some one whose name was not known at the hotel. The man, who was being made, a waiter observed him in the drawing-room, kneeling down, with one arm over a small table containing an exhibit of Messrs. Littlefield's, Hanway-street, and attempting to force the lid with a screw-driver. The manager was called, and the man taken to Bow-street, where he was formally charged and committed for trial at the next assizes. About thirty minutes ago a theft was made from the same table, and in consequence the lid had been made especially secure.

THE DARING BANK ROBBERY IN THE CITY.

Some of the notes recently stolen from a walk clerk at the National Provincial Bank of England and have been traced to Queenstown, and is conjectured that the thief has come to America.

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.



THE QUEEN AT PORTSMOUTH. A BRILLIANT CEREMONY.

There was a general holiday at Portsmouth on Thursday, in honour of the visit of the Queen, who was to launch the Royal Arthur and the Royal Sovereign. As early as eleven o'clock the whole route over which the Majesty was to pass was lined with troops and blue-jackets, and the large building shed where the Royal Arthur lay was crowded in every gallery with people in holiday attire. The dockyardmen in the meanwhile had removed as many shores as safety would allow, and at twelve o'clock, when the Prince of Wales arrived, the ship was only supported by her cradle and a few shores beneath. The chief constructor explained the mechanism of the launch apparatus to his royal highness, who appeared to be altogether greatly pleased with the preparations for the Queen's arrival. At 12.25 a salute from the Duke of Wellington announced the arrival of the Queen, who was met by the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Cambridge, and the children were also on the platform, as were Admiral Combermere, the commander-in-chief, Admiral Gordon, Captain Pearson, Admirals Chads and Jones, and Colonel Crease, commanding the Royal Artillery; also the German Admiral and the captain of the Oldenburg, and other distinguished visitors. The service was again read by the chaplain, and her Majesty broke the bottle on the bows and named the ship. After a short pause, the mechanism connecting the ship to the dock was released by the Queen by electricity, and amid the cheers of the spectators, the vessel was hauled out of dock at her Majesty's command, by hydraulic cranes. The ship left the dock at 1.35. On board her were 350 stokers, under Commander Read, and they named the ship, the Marine Artillery band playing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." The Queen, with the royal party, and suite, afterwards went to Admiralty House for luncheon. Her Majesty received those officials who were commanded in the ball-room. At four p.m. her Majesty drove to the departure platform and proceeded to Windsor, being attended on the platform by the Lord of the Admiralty, the Commander-in-chief, and his Royal Highness commanding the Southern District. The Duke of Wellington and the batteries saluted on Her Majesty's departure.

AN M.P.'S DIVORCE SUIT.

In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, Lord Wellwood heard evidence in an action for divorce brought by Mr. A. L. Brown, member of Parliament for the Border Burghs, residing at Oakley, Galashiels, on the ground of the alleged adultery of his wife, Esther Jessie Brown, with William Henry Shields, a traveller of 10, Marchmont-road, Edinburgh. The respondent is the daughter of a retired clergyman, and is now residing with her father in Edinburgh. There was a crowded court.—Formal evidence as to the marriage of the pursuer and the defender on August 3rd, 1882, by the father of the bride, the Free Church minister, at the time of the wedding, having been given, the pursuer stated that there were three children of the marriage. He was now residing with his mother, having shut out his wife three weeks ago. Unfortunately, excessive drinking had been a most marked feature of his wife's life for the past two years. He had remonstrated with her on the subject, and proposed that they should leave their matrimonial home, and live as a test-case for two years. In the autumn of 1888 they met the co-defender for the first time on board the yacht of his wife's cousin at Portobello. He did not like the man's style, and told his wife that he was not a desirable man to have at the house. His wife replied, "Oh, that will be all right," and he had never since the co-defender from that day to this. He stayed some time at North Berwick last summer, and his wife's father and mother were with them to try to keep his wife sober. He was in Edinburgh on October 18th last, his wife knowing that he was, and he saw his mother, who told him she had heard that Shields had been having about his wife at North Berwick. In consequence of this information he wrote to Shields. He left Edinburgh on the Sunday evening for Galashiels, and was met at the station by his brother James, who made a communication to him. That evening he said to his wife that he had been told that she had had Shields out at Oakley, which was contrary to what he had heard that she had often been to see him.

THE WIFE'S ADMISION.

His wife admitted that she had sent for Shields on Saturday, that she had been with him in the grounds at Oakley from eight o'clock to half-past nine, and also that she had been out with him at North Berwick. He had not occupied the same room with his wife since October 15th, his reason for giving up living with her being that she was violent when in drink. That was before he had heard about Shields. On Monday, October 21st, he wrote a document at his request. On the same morning he looked through his wife's repositories and he found a letter. On Tuesday morning he had a letter from Shields, and he was handed to him the same morning a letter from Shields to Mrs. Brown. That evening he called at the Conservative Club in Edinburgh to see Shields, but failed. On Wednesday he returned home, and told his wife Shields would not see him. She was indignant, and left Shields that afternoon. Afterward she wrote him a letter, and told him she had spent one night in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, and that she had been in her father's house in M'Leary-road. She stated that she had sent for Shields, and that he had met her in front of the Hospital for Incurables at Newington. She handed him a letter which she said she had got from Shields. On Thursday, October 30th, his brother James made

TO HIM RELATING TO THE DEFENDER AND SHIELDS.

to him relating to the defender and Shields, and he went to his wife and asked if the stories were true. She replied that they were not, and he said he would make inquiries about them.—Cross-examined by Mr. Cormie Thomson, pursuer stated that in his letter to Shields he said that his wife had confessed to the nature of their intercourse, and that that referred to a confession by his wife that she had flirted with and kissed Shields. When he spoke in his letter to Shields of ruining his life, he meant this, that he intended to see Shields, and unless he consented not to see Mrs. Brown again he would see his friends, clubmates, relations, and employers, and he would tell them that Shields had come secretly into his house, and had invited Mrs. Brown into Edinburgh. He fancied that after this none of his friends would have anything to do with him. Shields replied saying the letter was unworthy a man, and he refused to take dismissal from anyone but Mrs. Brown. Shields addressed Mrs. Brown as "Darling," letters not intended for his eye, but as "Dear Mrs. Brown" in the other hand. D. G. Cunningham, of Edinburgh

break on the ship's bows, and thus crushing her. The machinery for releasing the dock was afterwards touched by Her Majesty and the ship glided out swiftly at two minutes to one o'clock. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught accompanied the Queen, and Admiral von der Goltz represented the German Emperor, and was presented to her Majesty, as was also the chief constructor, Mr. Deadman. This ended the first portion of the ceremony. The Queen arrived at the dock where the Royal Sovereign was floating at 1.15, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Lord of the Admiralty, &c. Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught and their children were also on the platform, as were Admiral Combermere, the commander-in-chief, Admiral Gordon, Captain Pearson, Admirals Chads and Jones, and Colonel Crease, commanding the Royal Artillery; also the German Admiral and the captain of the Oldenburg, and other distinguished visitors. The service was again read by the chaplain, and her Majesty broke the bottle on the bows and named the ship. After a short pause, the mechanism connecting the ship to the dock was released by the Queen by electricity, and amid the cheers of the spectators, the vessel was hauled out of dock at her Majesty's command, by hydraulic cranes. The ship left the dock at 1.35. On board her were 350 stokers, under Commander Read, and they named the ship, the Marine Artillery band playing "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." The Queen, with the royal party, and suite, afterwards went to Admiralty House for luncheon. Her Majesty received those officials who were commanded in the ball-room. At four p.m. her Majesty drove to the departure platform and proceeded to Windsor, being attended on the platform by the Lord of the Admiralty, the Commander-in-chief, and his Royal Highness commanding the Southern District. The Duke of Wellington and the batteries saluted on Her Majesty's departure.

ALLEGED ADVERTISEMENT OF A YOUNG MAN, GIVING THE NAME OF ARTHUR NEWMAN, WHO REFUSED HIS ADDRESS AND OCCUPATION, WAS CHARGED AT THE BOW-STREET POLICE COURT WITH STEALING BY A TRICK A POSTAL ORDER OF THE VALUE OF 5s. FROM MRS. MAY DENNIS, A WIDOWED LADY. THE PRISONER WAS FURTHER CHARGED WITH HAVING A NUMBER OF LETTERS CONTAINING POSTAL ORDERS FOR 5s. EACH, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN OBTAINED BY A TRICK, AND REFUSING TO GIVE A SATISFACTORY ACCOUNT OF THE POSSESSION OF THE SAME.—Det. Insp. Marshall, of Bow-street, deposed that his attention had been drawn to an advertisement which recently appeared in a London daily paper, and which read as follows:—"Ladies wanted for wrapper addresses to own homes. Stamped envelope for reply.—Address, W. Wood, 61, Chandos-street." In consequence of complaints witness caused Detective Hallstone to call at the address mentioned, which was a stationer's shop, where letters were left upon payment of 1d. for each letter. Observation was kept, and the prisoner was seen to call for letters addressed to W. Wood. A bundle of fifty letters was handed to him. Acting upon instructions Hallstone conveyed the defendant to the Bow-street Police Station, where he was interviewed by Inspector Marshall. The prisoner was asked if he was Mr. Wood. He refused to say, or in any way to account for the possession of the letters. They were subsequently opened, and forty-eight were found to contain postal orders of the value of 5s. Some contained two postal orders. Prisoner then declared that he did not know what the letters contained, and protested against his detention. Inspector Marshall told him that he had reason to believe that on the previous day he had received 480 stamps, and that letters from all parts of the country continued to arrive containing postal orders.—Mrs. May Dennis, of 24, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, was called, and proved replying to the advertisement and enclosing a stamped envelope. In reply she received a circular signed "Walter Wood," in which the writer said he had selected witness in preference to many other applicants, as her handwriting fulfilled his requirements. He represented that although the work was simply wrapper addresses there was a great deal of Government work for which he was responsible. He would therefore require a deposit of 5s. This amount witness duly forwarded.—The prisoner was remanded.

HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

The following story comes from Canada:—One bitterly cold Christmas Eve, every one was indoors who could possibly escape exposure to the frost and snow outside. The only people who were out were the police, who were obliged to face the elements. In the sergeants' quarters was a roaring fire, and every comfort which could remind them of the festive season of friends across the sea. Before the fire lay a great Newfoundland, much taciturn than many of his kind, but much beloved by the sergeants, and a rescue party started at once, headed by Nep. With his aid they discovered Bennett some distance from home, half buried in the falling snow. Around him were the nearly obliterated marks of the dog's struggle to arouse him from his dangerous sleep. He was carried home, and at length regained consciousness and recovered. To Nep, however, he owed his life, and the lesson was such a severe one that, on his recovery, he signed the pledge.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN PARIS.

POPULAR ILL-FEELING. A strong feeling is now manifesting itself against the presence of the German Empress in Paris. It was even reported that the Government had informed the German Embassy that if possible it would be better to hasten the departure of her Majesty. The Times' correspondent traces the change in public sentiment to the Empress's visit to the ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud, which was burned down by the Germans, and to Versailles, where the Emperor's grandfather was crowned Emperor, and the German Empire proclaimed in presence of the victorious legions of the Fatherland. He says:—"Those who either advised or did not dissuade the Empress Frederick from making that excursion have shown that they do not possess that instinctive feeling which, like antennae, vibrates in response to slight changes in distant atmospheric currents. Otherwise they would certainly have prevented this visit, in which the imperial traveller was able to contemplate scenes associated closely with the two most bitter memories of the war left in the hearts of Frenchmen." Much of the change of public temper is, of course, due to the agitation of the members of the former League of Patriots, who have also been joined by the Boulangists. At a meeting of the latter party, held in the neighbourhood of the Invalides, M. Paul Bourdeille denounced the Empress's visit to the Palace at Versailles as "a piece of German impudence." In conclusion, he declared that the Empress must be escorted to the railway station with cries of "Vive l'Alsace-Lorraine!" and "Vive la République!" and finally a resolution was voted protesting against her Majesty's visit, and congratulating the French artists who had declined to exhibit in the German metropolis.

The Society for the Relief of Persecuted Jews have held a meeting at Grosvenor House, the Earl of Aberdeen presiding. He said the object of the society was to give relief and employment to Jews, especially in the Holy Land, and ultimately to enable them to form colonies on their own responsibility. A resolution in accordance with this object was adopted.

A REMARKABLE FOREWARNING.

PATHEIC CASE. An extraordinary fatality has just befallen an English family in New York, and it is the most striking because it was accompanied by the most dramatic premonition. Mrs. Kenon Bruce and her two daughters, Judith and May, arrived the other day by the City of Berlin from Somersetshire, England, en route for Nebraska. Mr. Kenon Bruce had some months ago gone to Nebraska to commence farming there, and with him was a young Englishman named Albert Merritt, who was engaged to be married to his friend's daughter Judith. They had done well in their farming operations, and a few days ago Mrs. Bruce received a letter requesting her to go out with her daughters to Nebraska at once. The old home was given up, and with the brightest anticipations mother and daughters set out on their long journey. Embarking on the City of Berlin at New York, and after they had left Queenstown, when Mrs. Bruce was taken suddenly ill, and became wild and delirious. She declared that she saw her husband lying in the middle of a field dead. During the whole of the voyage after that the poor woman was inconsolable. She felt sure that she would see her husband no more all. On arriving at New York, Mrs. Bruce received a telegram from Mr. Merritt, stating that his friend, Mr. Bruce, had been thrown from his horse, and had had his neck broken, on the very day that his wife saw him lying dead. The telegram bade them go on to Nebraska. They missed the train, and were proceeding the following day, but when about to enter the train a second telegram was placed in Mrs. Bruce's hand, announcing that her husband had died of heart disease the night before. The dispatch was signed by a companion of the two men on the farm. It may be imagined with what sorrowful hearts the three women proceeded on their way to the home which husband and lover, now dead, had prepared for them.

REMARKABLE FORGERY CASE.

A man named Brough was indicted at Guildford Assizes on a singular charge of forgery. He lived at Chilworth, and, owing to the similarity of names, the Savings Bank deposit book of a man named Burrough, of Chilworth, Salisbury, was delivered to him. He signed a withdrawal notice in his own name, and afterwards signed "Burrough," and was paid £47. Prisoner was stated to be a man of means, and the defence was that he believed this was a legacy from relatives at Hull.—Mr. Justice Stephen sentenced him to nine months' hard labour.

"THE GONDOLIERS" AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

By special command of the Queen, Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company from the Savoy Theatre will give a performance of "The Gondoliers" at Windsor Castle on Friday, March 6th. The opera will be produced as elaborately as circumstances will allow. Mr. Seymour, the Savoy manager, having visited the castle for the purpose of ascertaining the available amount of space in the temporary theatre. The curtain will rise on this interesting occasion at four o'clock in the afternoon, so that it will be necessary to abandon the usual evening performance in London.

A REMARKABLE CENTENARIAN.

Mr. William Adlam, who died a few days ago at Taunton at the age of 106 years 11 months, was an excellent example of the results of a life passed peacefully in the open air. From boyhood until he reached the prime of manhood he toiled and toiled, and toiled down. About twenty years ago he found that his earnings were not sufficient to support his growing family, so he reluctantly gave up his calm pastoral existence, and travelled to Taunton in search of new employment. In that town he soon obtained work as a gardener, and remained in one situation until he was over 80 years of age. His recollection of the time he spent in the garden was very vivid, and he was prominent figure in the jubilee festivities at Taunton in 1887. His love for open air exercise was very strong, and it was his custom up to within a few days of his death to rise at six or seven o'clock and take a morning walk. The old man was assiduous in the performance of his religious duties, and he was a regular attendant at a Bible class, he aged people. Except for a slight deafness, he retained the use of all his faculties to a degree marvellous in one so old. He was always ready to converse about the events of his early youth. His wife died at the age of 90, and out of his ten children only two are living.

ASK A POLICEMAN.

At Bow-street Police Court, Ellen Davis, aged 45, was charged with being drunk and riotous in Brunswick-square.—P.C. Judge, 116 E, said that early in the morning his attention was attracted by the screams of a woman in Brunswick-square, and found the whole neighbourhood aroused. Many people were looking out of their bedroom windows. Witness found the prisoner in a very drunken condition, shouting at the top of her voice, and as she refused to go away she was taken into custody.—Mr. Vaughan: What have you to say for yourself?—Prisoner: I did not know what part of London I was in, and I wanted to get out of the fog. (Laughter.)—Mr. Vaughan: Out of the fog?—Defendant: Yes, so I asked a policeman.—(loud laughter)—to take me to the station.—Mr. Vaughan: Well?—Defendant: As he refused I thought I would make him take me there. (Laughter.)—Mr. Vaughan: Did she ask to be taken to the station?—Witness: I believe she did ask another policeman. She was drunk.—Mr. Vaughan to the prisoner: You are fined 10s. or seven days' detention. That is a sight better than being out in the fog. (Boars of laughter.)

SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING

OWBRIDGE'S

LUNG TONIC,

THE MIGHTY HEALER.

It has a power over disease hitherto unknown in medicine. It is a powerful, and just a touch of it, and you are cured. Try this wonderful medicine. The cough and weakness will disappear as if by magic, and you will feel a strength and power you never had before. HAVE YOU A COUGH? A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT. HAVE YOU A COLIC? A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT. BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA IT RELIEVES INSTANTLY. The Spoons of Ointment, so dreaded in Whooping Cough, become less with each dose of the medicine. "Having suffered from a very bad cold, followed by a severe cough, my wife became so weak that she was unable to get about. I tried many remedies to try your 'Lung Tonic' and found it completely cured. I can only say it is the best medicine of the day."—J. W. BARNARD, a South Queensland Settler. "My 'Lung Tonic' has completely cured my cough and my wife's cold, and I can only say it is the best medicine I have ever used."—Miss R. BOWMAN, New Here.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, 111, Strand, London, W.C. Sole Importers, Messrs. J. & W. G. & Co., 111, Strand, London, W.C. Sole Importers, Messrs. J. & W. G. & Co., 111, Strand, London, W.C.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page, heavily degraded and stained. The page is oriented vertically, and the damage is concentrated along the right edge, forming a dark, irregular vertical band. The rest of the page is light-colored with some minor discoloration and faint, illegible markings. The overall appearance is that of an old, damaged document.

BUSINESSES, &c.—(Continued).

[illegible]

CHERRY LANE—In Western Park-road, TWO bedrooms, 2½ bath, 2½ car, main roof, gas, central heating, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, \$12,500. Call 241-2200, during 2:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

BARGAIN—Cheaper than Best.—**HIGH-CEILINGED VILLA**, just redecorated, close to station, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, 2½ bath, 2½ car, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, balance in weekly.—**SALISBURY AND CO.**, Ltd., Queen's-road, Pockham.

WATERLOO—**SEMI-DETACHED** for disposing, being 1000 sq. ft., 1950, 2½ bath, 2½ car, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, balance in weekly; none of the living, dining, kitchen, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, 2½ bath, 2½ car, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, balance in weekly. No Agents.

DENHAM—**HILL**—Seven-room Terrace, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, 2½ bath, 2½ car, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, balance in weekly. No Agents.

PINEBURY PARK—**HOUSE FOR SALE**, a bargain at £200, to close an account 10 years, built by the architect, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, 2½ bath, 2½ car, 1200 sq. ft., 1950, balance in weekly. No Agents.

BOLD LAND AND OUTGOING for above to be sold in lots of 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000, 10100, 10200, 10300, 10400, 10500, 10600, 10700, 10800, 10900, 11000, 11100, 11200, 11300, 11400, 11500, 11600, 11700, 11800, 11900, 12000, 12100, 12200, 12300, 12400, 12500, 12600, 12700, 12800, 12900, 13000, 13100, 13200, 13300, 13400, 13500, 13600, 13700, 13800, 13900, 14000, 14100, 14200, 14300, 14400, 14500, 14600, 14700, 14800, 14900, 15000, 15100, 15200, 15300, 15400, 15500, 15600, 15700, 15800, 15900, 16000, 16100, 16200, 16300, 16400, 16500, 16600, 16700, 16800, 16900, 17000, 17100, 17200, 17300, 17400, 17500, 17600, 17700, 17800, 17900, 18000, 18100, 18200, 18300, 18400, 18500, 18600, 18700, 18800, 18900, 19000, 19100, 19200, 19300, 19400, 19500, 19600, 19700, 19800, 19900, 20000, 20100, 20200, 20300, 20400, 20500, 20600, 20700, 20800, 20900, 21000, 21100, 21200, 21300, 21400, 21500, 21600, 21700, 21800, 21900, 22000, 22100, 22200, 22300, 22400, 22500, 22600, 22700, 22800, 22900, 23000, 23100, 23200, 23300, 23400, 23500, 23600, 23700, 23800, 23900, 24000, 24100, 24200, 24300, 24400, 24500, 24600, 24700, 24800, 24900, 25000, 25100, 25200, 25300, 25400, 25500, 25600, 25700, 25800, 25900, 26000, 26100, 26200, 26300, 26400, 26500, 26600, 26700, 26800, 26900, 27000, 27100, 27200, 27300, 27400, 27500, 27600, 27700, 27800, 27900, 28000, 28100, 28200, 28300, 28400, 28500, 28600, 28700, 28800, 28900, 29000, 29100, 29200, 29300, 29400, 29500, 29600, 29700, 29800, 29900, 30000, 30100, 30200, 30300, 30400, 30500, 30600, 30700, 30800, 30900, 31000, 31100, 31200, 31300, 31400, 31500, 31600, 31700, 31800, 31900, 32000, 32100, 32200, 32300, 32400, 32500, 32600, 32700, 32800, 32900, 33000, 33100, 33200, 33300, 33400, 33500, 33600, 33700, 33800, 33900, 34000, 34100, 34200, 34300, 34400, 34500, 34600, 34700, 34800, 34900, 35000, 35100, 35200, 35300, 35400, 35500, 35600, 35700, 35800, 35900, 36000, 36100, 36200, 36300, 36400, 36500, 36600, 36700, 36800, 36900, 37000, 37100, 37200, 37300, 37400, 37500, 37600, 37700, 37800, 37900, 38000, 38100, 38200, 38300, 38400, 38500, 38600, 38700, 38800, 38900, 39000, 39100, 39200, 39300, 39400, 39500, 39600, 39700, 39800, 39900, 40000, 40100, 40200, 40300, 40400, 40500, 40600, 40700, 40800, 40900, 41000, 41100, 41200, 41300, 41400, 41500, 41600, 41700, 41800, 41900, 42000, 42100, 42200, 42300, 42400, 42500, 42600, 42700, 42800, 42900, 43000, 43100, 43200, 43300, 43400, 43500, 43600, 43700, 43800, 43900, 44000, 44100, 44200, 44300, 44400, 44500, 44600, 44700, 44800, 44900, 45000, 45100, 45200, 45300, 45400, 45500, 45600, 45700, 45800, 45900, 46000, 46100, 46200, 46300, 46400, 46500, 46600, 46700, 46800, 46900, 47000, 47100, 47200, 47300, 47400, 47500, 47600, 47700, 47800, 47900, 48000, 48100, 48200, 48300, 48400, 48500, 48600, 48700, 48800, 48900, 49000, 49100, 49200, 49300, 49400, 49500, 49600, 49700, 49800, 49900, 50000, 50100, 50200, 50300, 50400, 50500, 50600, 50700, 50800, 50900, 51000, 51100, 51200, 51300, 51400, 51500, 51600, 51700, 51800, 51900, 52000, 52100, 52200, 52300, 52400, 52500, 52600, 52700, 52800, 52900, 53000, 53100, 53200, 53300, 53400, 53500, 53600, 53700, 53800, 53900, 54000, 54100, 54200, 54300, 54400, 54500, 54600, 54700, 54800, 54900, 55000, 55100, 55200, 55300, 55400, 55500, 55600, 55700, 55800, 55900, 56000, 56100, 56200, 56300, 56400, 56500, 56600, 56700, 56800, 56900, 57000, 57100, 57200, 57300, 57400, 57500, 57600, 57700, 57800, 57900, 58000, 58100, 58200, 58300, 58400, 58500, 58600, 58700, 58800, 58900, 59000, 59100, 59200, 59300, 59400, 59500, 59600, 59700, 598

[illegible][illegible]

YORK CORNER, ALE and FROOT-HOUSE
In Boston, can. necessary. \$25. main street;
lease 10 years; standing rent under \$40 yearly.
Fruit. Highways. 1000 ft. road. 1000 ft. road.

FRESH BEEHIVE - near Commercial - 1000
Fruit bush surrounded; hold on lease; rent only
\$25. cash required \$50. or fair offer. Apply, Highways.

\$60 CASH - Noble CORNER FRESH BEEHIVE
HOUSE, near Fummary Park; well-stocked
with fruit. - Apply, Highway. Brewery.

Mr. STONE,
ROTEL and TAVERN, VALLEY
20 Gratton-street, T. H. Graham Court-road.

\$100 ALL AT - BEER and WINE-HOUSE
In the center of the city, near the city hall, 100 ft. from
city street; main road; splendid opening for
beginners.

CASH - BEEHIVE-HOUSE, West; lease 10
years; rent \$10; paying for house \$50.
with increase in business. - Persons to \$1000.

\$500 CASH - FINE PUBLIC lease 10 years

Messrs. LEWIS AND NOBBS,
HOTEL, PUBLICS, AND RECREATION VALUERS,
AND BUSINESS BROKERS AND AGENTS,
3, Warren-st., London, (Rue de Valenciennes) (Thames-side),
LONDON, E.C. 4. Large and complete stock of
£300 CASH - NOBLE CORNERS, AT RTT
HOUSE; main road, S.E. - up 100
acre trade, 2500 monthly; landowner's a cleared
millionaire - every convenience.
LEWIS AND NOBBS.

£150 ALL AT-SUPPER COFFERS AND
KITCHENS, 1000 MONTHLY, 1000 MONTHLY, 1000
class trade of over 200 monthly; a dining 7 bed,
large rooms, and two kitchen - LEWIS AND NOBBS.

£300 NOBLE, near City; good trade 200
monthly; lease 25 years. Main and Greenway road;
stone house many years - LEWIS AND NOBBS.

Messrs. M. T. DUGGAN AND CO.,
Decorative Chambers, 81, Abchurch-lane Without.

£85 CLASS CONFECTIONER'S, main road,
LONDON, E.C. 4. Large and complete stock of

\$60 (including Good Stock). - DAIKY, sub-
counter, every proof good; rest C&S; well below
home.

\$10 (including Good Stock) - CONFED-
TIONERS, main road position; trade all
good; principal goods; some hands & pans;
death.

\$5 GENERAL AND DAIKY, a little out;
C&S, trade all weakly and a gallons milk daily;
rest home.

reasons explained for marketing - DOGGY.

Messrs. PASSINGHAM AND MALL,
BOTTLE BERRIES AND PUMPKINS YALDEN
AND BUSINESS TRAFFIC AGENTS,
8, Gra. on-street, Tottenham Court-Rd., W.-all
business, and a large stock of goods.
Printed register containing 1,000 business grants,
and a list of names of persons who have been
granted them.

\$450 TAYLOR, N. only a little from City;
the position; handsome bar, billiard-room, good
food (see lease), and C&S. - FARGHESON and
MALL.

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